

A Wonderful Pair Of Spectacles

By the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

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HE rushed "like mad" into a cigar and tobacco store near Hamilton Ferry, crying out as he entered, "Hart, for God's sake fit me to a pair of glasses, my eyes have been gone back on me, and I don't know what I'm going to do."

The proprietor was not an oculist. He simply had a peck or so of cheap glasses spread out on a counter in the rear of the store, and if any one wanted to invest twenty-five or fifty cents in that line of goods he went to the counter, picked out the pair he wanted, laid down the price, and went out.

"All right," replied Hart, "step up there (pointing to the glasses on the counter) and help yourself."

"But I want you to help me find the right glass," said the customer.

The proprietor looked away lots of time with the man without any results whatever. At last, tired of the business, Hart said to the man, "Ah! I have you fixed now in great shape." With that he picked up a pair of spectacle frames without any glasses in them, hastily slipped them over the customer's nose, and remarked, "There you are! What did I tell you?"

"You've said it!" answered the happy man. "Just what I needed. Can see better than I ever could. What's the price?" "Twenty-five cents," answered Hart, and tossing the quarter to Hart, the fellow rushed out with his glasses astride his nose, as happy as a little boy with his first spinning top!

Upon reaching home, the happy man learned, through the laughter of his family, how he had been duped, not only by the spectacle-dealer, but by his own fancy in thinking that there was something the matter with his eyes.

Well, there are a great many of us who are as decidedly the victims of fancy as this man was.

We are suffering with ills that do not exist, except in our imagination.

We are insulted by people who never thought or spoke of us except in the kindest and most respectful way.

We are daily wronged by those who never had an evil or unkind thought toward us, and who would not harm us for the world.

We are going to run up against something terrible by and by. We don't know just what the thing is, or just when we are to encounter it, but we are surely headed for it; when, in fact, there is no such evil destiny awaiting us.

We are, in a word, the victims of our own crazy thoughts, our diseased fancies, as is the case with scared little children in the dark—scared by the bogies that have no existence except in their fears.

The fellow who rushed into Hart's looking for a pair of glasses didn't need any glasses; all that he needed was to be disillusioned, to have his mind freed from the baseless fancy that his eyes were defective.

And thousands of others of the children of men need anything BUT the things they think they need. They are the playthings of fancy, the victims of Maya, the mother of illusion and mental mirage.

Dear old Don Quixote, as you will remember, was finally disenchanted, and died with a clear brain. What the most of us need is to be disenchanted, to be freed from the crazy fancy that is responsible for most of our foolishness and misery.

Advice to Lovers

By Betty Vincent

ONE reason for an engagement of at least several months before marriage is that during this period of probation the young man and his fiancée, seeing each other frequently and informally, are given some opportunity to find out if the attraction between them is based on real congeniality and, therefore, if they have a fair chance of living happily together.

The test, of course, is imperfect, because the conditions of an engagement most imperfectly reproduce the conditions of matrimony. Engaged persons are on their best behavior toward each other and do not show their faults of character with the same lack of self-control which husband and wife frequently manifest. Nevertheless, a young man and his fiancée become fairly well acquainted, and certainly if they cannot agree during the period of engagement, when their love is fresh and strong and rose-colored, they have not much chance of happy marriage. If two who think they love each other quarrel frequently before marriage they had far better give up all thoughts of a lifetime together.

"L. K." writes: "Do you think it prudent for a girl who has loved a young man her own age for the past year to now try to forget him? The girl in question is a friend of mine who has known the young man for two years. He is very fond of her, and now because they have had a little dispute, this being the sixth, she thinks it best to give him up and try to forget him as she believes two quarrelsome people could never be happy together."

"Will you please give me your advice in this matter had also told me if a bracelet which the girl recently received from this gentleman should be returned in the event that they break friendship?"

I advise the girl to give up the young man with whom she disagrees so often and of course she should return the bracelet.

"P. E." writes: "My friends and myself have been quite puzzled for some time as to the rules of etiquette, and we have decided to appeal to you with the hope that you will help us out. Recently we went to a dance and were very much hurt and humiliated when after spending an evening

New Orleans Exposition.
THE first great exposition of the New World was opened in New Orleans thirty-four years ago. The exhibits from European countries were of minor importance and did not compare with the previous world exposition at Philadelphia. The displays from all parts of America, both North and South, however, were most complete, and gave a tremendous impetus to the trade between the United States and other American countries. The Panama Canal movement, as a United States Government project, was favored by many prominent guests of the exposition. The main building on the exposition grounds was the largest erected in such a purpose up to that time. It was 2,178 feet long and 995 feet wide and covered a space of thirty-three acres.

Can You Beat It!

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WAS SANTA GOOD TO YOUR HUSBAND TOO?

YES, INDEED! JOHN SHOW YOUR LOVELY XMAS PRESENT

I CAN'T FIND IT

I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T LOST IT

I HOPE I HAVEN'T

IT WOULD BE A CALAMITY!

ISN'T IT LOVELY!

A COLLAR BUTTON! ISN'T IT GORGEOUS!

A LOVELY BRASS COLLAR BUTTON

IT'S THE KIND THAT MAKES A BLACK SPOT ON YOUR NECK

I FOUND IT! IT WAS IN THE BEAUTIFUL BOX IT CAME IN

THE NEWEST EFFECT IN SUITS.

By Maurice Ketten

Original Fashion Designs For The Evening World's Home Dressmakers

By Mildred Lodewick

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A Distinctive Velour Suit.

MANY women have been able to so arrange their wardrobes that the suit which usually has to be accounted for at the advent of the winter season is only now beginning to receive the consideration which it is bound to have sooner or later. Having been saved the strain and wear of the first two months of winter, the suit which is now to complete the season can be developed of such material and in such a style as will carry one through the early spring days, thus eliminating the need of a spring suit. As the advance style hints always appear at this time it is easy for anyone to perceive the double economy of this arrangement.

Light colors for street wear have been quite favored this winter, and so tan, which can never be denied its appropriateness for spring, is a suitable color for the little suit which I have designed for to-day. The jacket is allowed an inch or two on the length which it would not have had this fall, and it is cut on slender lines, a prediction of spring favoritism.

A fur collar will characterize it as a winter suit, while it can be provided with a turn down collar of the goods to meet the more balmy days of spring. Many ball buttons of the goods, or bone ones, give a substantial richness to the suit, arranged in a row down the front to close it. Diagonally placed pockets which correspond with other lines in the coat

add an individual touch, accentuated by the omnipresent hand worked arrows. Tricotine is a very good choice of material, though there are any number of novel weaves, not mentioning serge and velour, that will be equally popular this coming spring.

Fashion Editor, The Evening World:

What style dress would you suggest for a Sunday afternoon tea? Would like it to be in a pretty grey color, as I can then wear it in the spring. Am thirty-four years of age; have red hair, blue eyes, good skin; weigh 125 pounds, bust 35, height 5 feet 4 inches.

MRS. W. M.

Chiffon, with self-color satin cording edging the tunic and separate waist sections front and back, on the sleeves.

Fashion Editor, The Evening World:

I would like something distinctive in a dress to be worn on special occasions at school. I have 1 1/2 yards of brown velvet, like sample, which could be combined with satin of serge. Will you design me something?

Am 17 years of age. 5 feet 6 inches tall, weigh 130 pounds.

MISS N. D.

Use the velvet for a chemise tunic, embroidering it in gold and dull blue. Lighter brown wool crepe for foundation. Dull blue finishing at neck.

Facts to Remember

There is an opening in one side of a Michigan inventor's milk bottle through which cream can be drawn without disturbing the rest of the milk.

One of the simplest of many new devices to prevent snoring consists of a pair of tubes to be inserted into the nostrils to keep them open.

In a new system of incubation chickens are hatched by the heat of an electric light under a glass bell in which the eggs are placed.

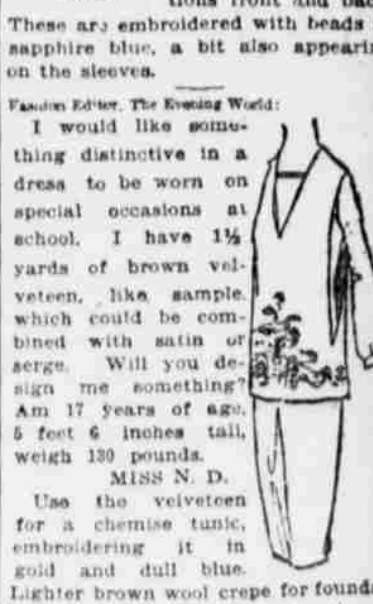
Pads to be worn inside trousers to prevent the knees bagging are a Massachusetts inventor's idea.

As flies crawl along the wires of a new trap to reach the bait they are electrified and fall into an easily emptied receptacle.

On the principle of the stop watch is a clock invented to enable persons using telephones to tell exactly the amount of time consumed in calls.



THE NEWEST EFFECT IN SUITS.



THIEVES' WIT

BY HULBERT FOOTNER

The Trail Leads to a Fifth Avenue Office That Turns Out to Be a Wonderful Treasure House.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Alfred Hunter, a detective, is called in to locate the stolen jewels of Miss Irma Hamilton, an actress. Hunter discovers a part in Miss Hamilton's wardrobe and through the evidence of the jewels, Hunter discovers that a man named John, who is a friend of Hunter's, has been in contact with the jewels. Hunter discovers that a man named John, who is a friend of Hunter's, has been in contact with the jewels. Hunter discovers that a man named John, who is a friend of Hunter's, has been in contact with the jewels.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REPORT OF J. M. No. 18.

New York, July 6, Midnight.

HAVE just returned from a celebration at Mr. Hamilton's house.

Everybody made a clean getaway last night, and the diamonds are safe in Lorina's desk, so the gang made merry.

NEW YORK, July 7.

The number on Fifth Avenue given me was not a great distance from Dumansky's and I was there by 5:15 this afternoon. It was one of the office buildings and is filled with the most respectable tenants, mostly business men, church supplies, etc. It is a building to think of Lorina in such company.

Lorina's office, of course, was no whit less respectable in appearance than a hundred others in the building. There was a respectable elderly stenographer, a staid office boy, and Lorina herself playing her part of the saleswoman of religious literature in a staid office.

I asked her to show me a list of the names of the people who had been in her office and she handed me a list of names.

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was attending her like a shadow, smoother, more elegant and more complacent than ever.

There is a telephone switchboard on each floor of the Rotterdam, opposite the elevator. In addition to answering the calls, the operator is supposed to keep an eye on things generally. While I was waiting for the elevator I asked the girl on our floor what was the cause of the excitement. She said she didn't know, but said it with a sinister and a toss of the head that added to my uneasiness.

While I was hanging around the lobby, Irma and Mount came down. They took a taxi at the door. Following a sudden impulse I engaged the next in line, and ordered the driver to follow them. They led me through the maze of downtown traffic direct to the Municipal Building. They disappeared in the bureau of Marriage Licenses, and my worst fears were confirmed.

"This time I determined to act without consulting my passionate, headstrong friend. I hastened back to the hotel. I had evidence that the ceremony was to be performed there. Most likely the same afternoon, I wrote Irma a note begging her to see me privately on a matter of the greatest importance. I signed it with my assumed name Boardman, but I had worded it in such a way that she would know it was from me. Moreover she knew my handwriting. I sent it to her room in advance of my return. There was a chance of course that some one else might open it, but I knew she made a general practice of opening her own letters.

A little before two o'clock, I got a summons and hastened to her suite. She started back dubiously at the sight of me, but I soon identified myself. She was alone. The room was filled with orange blossoms. The scent sickened me.

"Where is Mr. Mount?" I asked.

"I sent him away for an hour," she answered, blushing.

"Are we quite alone?"

"Nella and Marie are in my bedroom. That is two rooms away."

"Beja was Mrs. Bleeker's Marie her maid."

"I don't remember all that was said on both sides. The conversation was so painful. She was no match for me. Finally she began to tremble."

"Why did you leave me?" she faltered. "I asked you to help me. You have avoided me all these weeks. I needed you. It's cruel and useless for you to come now, when it is too late to do so."

"I have been working for you!" I cried. "I thought I could trust your insight."

"I had no intention of marrying at first," she said. "You saw a while ago what was coming. Why didn't you speak then if you had anything to say? It's too late now."

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"I would put on my eldest and plainest suit," I went on wickedly, "and go register at some quiet little hotel, the last place they would think of looking for you. I will give you the name of such a place. At 3:30 this afternoon I would go to a very cheap little restaurant known as the American Cafe, which is on Third Avenue near 16th Street. Half-past 5, remember, and just see what happens."

"If you would only come with me—I mean as far as the door," she murmured in confusion.

"Are you sure he loves me still?" she whispered.

"Not at all sure," I said. "You'll have to go and find out. If you've lost him, you've lost a lover that was worth a woman's while."

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER I had seen Irma safely out of the Rotterdam I thought she looked more adorable in her plain black dress and modest hat than in all her finery. I went back to my own rooms in the hotel.

By and by my telephone rang and an agitated young voice hailed me over the wire, which I had some difficulty in recognizing as Dumansky's. When I got him straightened out it ran something like this:

"I have just been at Mrs. Manns-Bleeker's office. I mean the downtown office. She told me last night to come today as she had a package to be taken to a man at the Hotel Madagascari. I was sitting beside her desk and she was writing a letter to go with the package when the telephone bell rang. She knows how to talk over the telephone without giving anything away. All she said was 'yes' and 'no' and 'repeat that' but I saw that it was important because her face changed and her eyes glittered. When she looks like that it means danger."

"She was talking to a woman called Beja."

"She made some notes on a pad. As soon as she rang off she jumped up and in a few minutes she was back in her room, and she was with an abstracted air, and went out. He never looked at me. His brain was full of thoughts and words."

I was just in time to see them come face to face on the pavement outside. "Hold on!" she whispered with the bravest smile surely that ever beamed on a human countenance; waiting, supplicating and tender. "I love you," she whispered.

(To Be Concluded.)

THE ISLAND OF INTRIGUE

By Isabel Ostrander

WHY ARE THE "SMITHS" SO ANXIOUS TO KEEP MAIDA AWAY FROM THE STRANGER? BUT STILL—WHO ARE THE "SMITHS"? YOU CAN'T BE TOLD ANY MORE OR YOU WOULDN'T ENJOY THIS NEW STORY

BEGINS NEXT MONDAY ON THIS PAGE